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UN at Crossroads

The closing weeks of 1961 saw the march of events punctuated by acts of international outlawry that, as Ambassador Adlai Stevenson aptly warned, could end in the demise of the United Nations which has been a star of hope to men of good will everywhere on earth.

The bloody savagery of the Congo, the hideous violation of West Berlin, and the repeated mockery of justice by new and original members of the world organization for peaceful negotiations, was dismaying. Yet there was nothing during 1961 to equal the crass hypocrisy of India led by the pious Nehru, who for years has been able to cast himself in the role of the perfect apostle of peace. When it suited his domestic political purpose, he assented to the invasion of little Goa, a Portuguese enclave for more than 450 years.

India's aggression may yet prove a boon to the more worthy members of the United Nations for it may consolidate them in a common will to be more realistic about their insistence that the rules and regulations of the U.N. be followed at least some of the time and that they be respected or feared all of the time.

This year is the most critical in the history of the United Nations. Either it will have to prove itself something more than impotent in at least making its members pay their dues, or go the way of every other union of men banded together for a purpose. Let us hope that Mr. Stevenson's warnings will be heeded by enough other members of the U.N. to effect a unity that will finally swing the pendulum of world opinion the other way toward the original goal — worldwide cooperation for peace.

Opinions of Others

Only 10 short years ago, all levels of government in the United States were spending considerably less than half of what they are spending now. Our money is gone, our debt is growing, and our freedoms are dwindling away as a centralized government reaches out greedily for ever-increasing power over the lives of all of the citizens — *Chicago News-Journal*.

When the white man discovered this country, the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The women did all the work . . . and the white man thought he could improve on asystemlike that. — *Brookfield (N.Y.) Courier*.

Too many people in government are telling businessmen what to do and how to do it. A great many couldn't run a peanut stand and make it a profitable operation. — *Havre de Grace (Md.) Democratic Ledger*.

Whenever a foreign crisis descends upon us, we hear urgings "to refrain from enlarging domestic programs no matter how desirable they may be." But in this age of billion-dollar outlays, the feeling persists that millions don't count. The day after Russia resumed testing, the House voted \$20 million for a new aquarium in Washington. — *Mesabi (Minn.) Daily News*.

Government statisticians show concern over the fact that 25 per cent of American families live beyond their income. Look who's talking. — *West Virginia Salem Herald*.

Morning Report:

It looks as if President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev bought their New Year's cards from the same company. It's the sort of thing that can happen easily to people who move in the same exalted circles.

Our Mr. K wished the Russians peace and prosperity. Their Mr. K wished the Americans peace and happiness, which is hard to come by without prosperity. Both agreed that world peace depended on how the two countries behaved.

It is encouraging to know both are so peacefully inclined. And it assures us all that if war does come in 1962, one of the two of them is a liar.

Abe Mellinkoff

ROYCE BRIER

The First Lady Speaks; Our Latin Friends Hear

It is entirely probable the brief speech in Spanish by Jacqueline Kennedy did more to improve the Yankee "image" in Latin America than all the President's earnest words of good will.

Most Americans heard this speech on television, a few gracious words, intrinsically having no more than a polite meaning. But psychologically they had immense meaning.

We don't know exactly how the stuff of history is made, but it is apparent there is a high content of psychological values. History pivots on human action, as well as on human pride, and no human pride is more enduring than that relating to our "own" people and our native tongue.

We all complain that alien people do not understand us. How can they when they speak in an outlandish and unintelligible tongue?

The sophisticated and trav-

eled, East and West, who are multilingual, lose some of this naive pride, but we are likely to forget the sophisticated and traveled are but a mote in the great mass of mankind.

So the Latin Americans, because Mrs. Kennedy's words were taped and rebroadcast, are bound to feel that here at last was a Yankee, wife of the Yankee President, who understands them, and this is likely to be remembered when a great deal of diplomacy, and even material benefit, is forgotten.

The writer does not recall that any other occupants of the White House, a President or his wife, has spoken Spanish, though two or three may have spoken a little broken French, and Jefferson spoke it adequately.

Any American who has traveled abroad is acutely aware of the language bar-

THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Writer Mounts a Defense For Spirited Professors

Let us now commence the bright new year with a long, resounding heartfelt and contemptuous sneer in the direction of the most septic of all confraternities of embodied impertinence, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and all its works, and in particular, let there echo an impolite noise of bassoon proportions for a regional madame named Mrs. Fred J. Toozie whose actions lend a new dimension of nastiness to her tongue.

Madame Toozie and her frowzy followers a week or so ago established a new high in the preposterous sweepstakes when they "demanded an investigation" of two members of the Stanford University faculty whom they had reason to suspect were involved in a commercial endeavor to promote the sales of liquor.

Just who Madame Toozie imagines herself to be that she is in a position to make herself anything but a laughing stock by demanding anything at all isn't available in the record. If she imagines that, as an elected officer of a pestilential gaggle of the charwomen of professional good works and snouters in other people's garbage pails, she is entitled to "demand" anything of anybody, anywhere or at any time it would be charitable to suggest that she lose no time in visiting a competent psychiatrist.

She has no public or official standing in the affairs of the State of California, none with the great body of her

fellow citizens, and least of all with the responsible authorities of Stanford University.

The good women of the Temperance Union take themselves with the utmost reverential seriousness which imparts even greater hilarity to their act. They are possessed of an innate genius for absurdity which, if there were any justice, should endear them to their fellow citizens but which, alas, evokes nothing but disrespect.

Just what concern the commercial activities of college professors may be to Madame Toozie, she was at no trouble to explain. The probable explanation is that while most self-publicists and seekers of notoriety would seek to draw favorable attention to themselves if any, the members of the WCTU are so hard up they'll settle for anything. Better a festoon of dead cats than nothing at all.

As for the amiable men of book learning at Palo Alto, they lend a benevolent luster to a grove of academe whose every activity is not viewed with universal approval.

Their missionary zeal was directed, if the public prints say sooth, to furthering an organization for the dispatch by telegraph of gifts of liquor for holidays occasions such as the Florists' Association facilitates the procurement of flowers at a distance.

Compared to the militant rejection of the most mature products of nature combined with man's genius that is the theme of WCTU, this seems an essay in transcendent good works, a benefaction that should be rewarded with the appreciation and applause of good will everywhere. The essential good of its concept is such that I wish

them abundantly well.

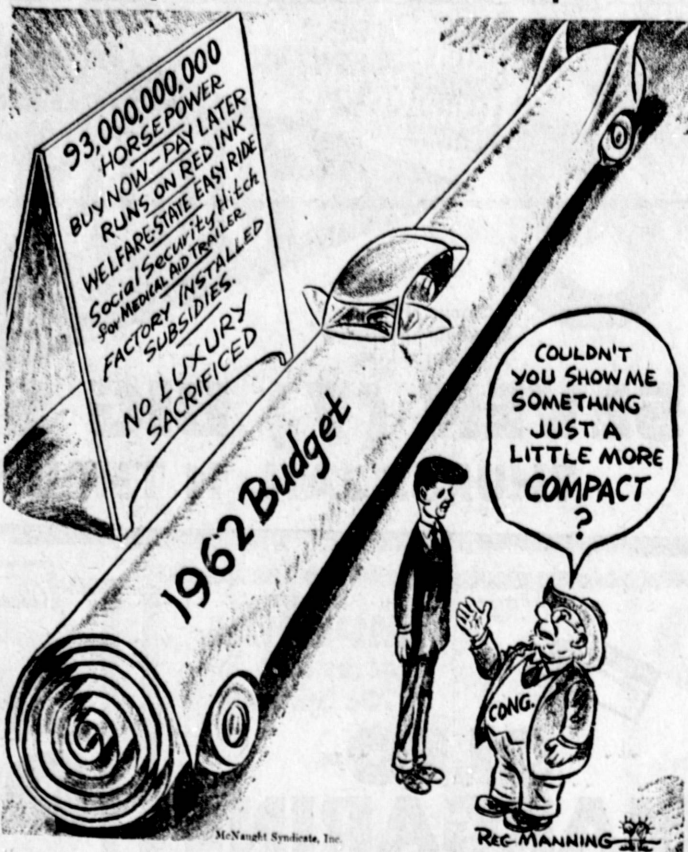
The happiest as well as the most philanthropic period of my own life was when Johnny Krimsky and I were proprietors of a gin mill of heroic proportions in New York known as the American Music Hall. We had six bartenders pushing the stuff night and day and gave parties said to compare favorably with those of Conde Nast. We also made pots of money.

The Stanford philanthropists may be of good cheer; they have the best imaginable precedent in the activities of the founding father of their university. There is also precedent for the graceless yammering of Mrs. Toozie. Leland Stanford, in an attempt to better the agriculture of the State, was also in his lifetime associated with the trade of spirits for he made brandy from his grapes and, at the time of his death, an early day Mrs. Toozie sent by hand to the editor of The Chronicle a denunciation of the governor as "a winebibber, atheist and horse-racer."

When no newspaper in San Francisco would give space, she arrived at their editorial offices and frightened rejectionists cruelly by stamping her feet and flashing her eyes in the name of righteousness. She then announced her intention to attend the funeral and, in the words of Thomas Beer, "Call attention to Stanford's defects."

Headshrinkers being unknown at the time, her family called in a clergyman who at length dissuaded her from turning the funeral into a temperance rally.

Perhaps Mrs. Toozie's near and dear ones can do as much before she attracts more abundant ridicule than she has already attracted to the Toozie 'escutcheon.



AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Some Straws in the Wind To Check Out During '62

At the beginning of each year financial and industrial executives give their opinions as to where we're heading in business and the economy in the coming year. Partially because it is preferable to appear optimistic, nearly all their predictions are on the favorable side . . . with some even predicting "the biggest boom in our history." This happens almost every January.

Even the government gets into the act with fantastic pronouncements of billions increase in the "national - product." This January is no exception. What all these optimistic pronouncements don't reveal is that even with partial disarmament, we will be in the worst economic mess since the 1929 depression.

All the optimism is predicated on the maintenance of the present fantastic rate of government spending for "defense" . . . but should major cutbacks occur as a result of any disarmament agreement with Russia, drastic steps will have to be taken to avert economic chaos. We have found few responsible economists who think that government work projects and reduction of taxes can fill the vacuum.

Watch for the Administration to either stall any total disarmament program with Russia . . . or prepare the nation for the possibility of serious cutbacks and belt-tightening.

In spite of the Gallup poll, which indicates a rise in President Kennedy's popularity (from about 500 people polled) . . . we note just the opposite from the reaction of perhaps hundreds of thousands whom we reach in our town halls, forums and other lectures across the nation. This is true even among Democrats who say that "Kennedy does not spend enough time in the White House" . . . that "he goes on too many social trips abroad" . . . that "he makes too many impulsive decisions" . . . like Cuba, Congo, Laos, fallout shelters, peace corps, tariffs, flight of gold.

Watch for the President to check his speed on major decisions . . . travel less . . . and send others abroad.

Our handling of Cuba, Laos, Congo, Berlin has reduced the confidence of our allies in U.S. leadership. This is in back of President De Gaulle's reluctance to accept Kennedy's proposal of a meeting with Khrushchev.

It is a fact of life among foreign officials that Kennedy at 44 is not considered matured or experienced enough to lead the Western alliance. Foreigners just do not have the same appreciation of youth and glamour in the highest political places, but lean heavily on the wisdom of maturity and experience. This is hard for us to take, perhaps, but it's a fact.

Watch for President De Gaulle to press for the leadership of the West against Khrushchev. Privately he has the support of Germany, England, Italy. Nothing is being said publicly, of course, for they don't want to offend their U.S. benefactor . . . but our past leadership is fading fast.

Our allies fear that another

Quote

"A Congressman naturally spends a lot of time fixing his fences, because that's where he sits most of the time." — John W. Richards, Pageland (S.C.) Journal.

"There are many people in this country who would have a much fatter wallet if they would simply remove all the credit cards from it." — B. J. Dahl, "Chewelah (Wash.) Independent.

Most of us follow a path that someone else beat out for us." — Edward J. Franta, Cavalier County (Langdon, N.D.) Republican.

impulsive decision like Cuba and Laos, could ignite the fuse . . . and they will be the preliminary targets of the first nuclear assault.

Since taking office a year ago, President Kennedy kept reassuring the nation that his policies stopped the flight of gold. This was so up to a point. By "bribing" foreigners with preferential U.S. government business, the President did stop the flow of gold, but at a very high price.

When this business receded, the flow of gold started again and at the highest rate ever . . . reducing our reserves as of now to below \$17 billion—the lowest point in 22 years.

The President, and Secretary of the Treasury Dillon, are well aware that the only way to stop the flight of U.S. gold is to revive confidence in the U.S. dollar. They have not been able to revive confidence in the U.S. dollar with deficit spending, grow-

ing public debt and unbalanced budgets.

The Administration has been going into the red at the rate of \$500 million a month ever since taking office last January. Foreigners also know that right now in the Congressional hopper of "must bills" are billions more for "socialist legislation," looking toward the 1962 Congressional races.

Gold is leaving the U.S. because of lack of confidence in maintenance of the fixed dollar price of gold. Free convertibility of gold and the dollar are the cornerstones of our monetary policy. But we can't eat the cake and have it, too.

Watch for President Kennedy to shift conservative in the early months of the new year. While the drive for passage of federal aid to education . . . medical aid inside Social Security . . . will be pushed according to plan, number of other New Frontier panaceas will be side-tracked.

Hoppe in Wonderland

The Trouble's In the Brewing

Art Hoppe

My friends, Miss Amanda Quinch, commander of "I," the superpatriotic organization, knows why communism has spread throughout the world in the past decade. It's simple.

"It's simple!" snapped Miss Amanda, putting one of her tennis-shoed feet down. "It's because of all those Communists who infiltrated Washington! They betrayed us! Stamp out traitors! Be a hard core American!"

Well, I know that Miss Amanda is right-thinking. Externally so. And I know this is what the extreme right-thinking people think. I'm not sure it's that simple. I think it's beer.

Take the State of Kerala in India. Kerala, as you know, has got a lot of hairy coconuts. The Keralans take the hairy coconuts and toss them in the local river to soak. Then they shave off the hair and spin it into a hairy, sticky, strong yarn called "coir." Which they ship to our hop farmers. Our hop farmers love coir. So do our hops. Our hop farmers string the coir from each hop plant to a trellis overhead. The little hop plant grows up the hairy, sticky coir yarn and produces hops like crazy. The hops go into our beer.

This went on for years. Our hop farmers were happy; the Keralan coconut soakers were happy and our beer couldn't have been hopper. In fact, in 1934 we were putting a pound of hops into each barrel of beer.

Disaster struck. Our brewers began selling their beer in supermarkets. Ladies bought it. More than men bought it. Unfortunately, ladies don't like heavy, dark, hoppy beer. They like light, pale, unhoppy beer. To appeal to all these unhoppy ladies the brewers, over the years, cut the amount of hops in a barrel of beer to a measly three-tenths of a pound. Hop farmers were hard hit. Coir importers were hard hit. And over in Keralan the coconut soakers sat around moodily soaking their unwanted coconuts and spinning plots.

The end of the story is well known: In 1957 Kerala, presumably led by unemployed coconut soakers, became the first State in India to go Communist.

The moral is clear: It isn't subversion in Washington that spreads communism abroad; it's unhappiness. I explained all this to Miss Amanda and suggested she adopt a truer, braver motto for her organization. Like: "Fight Communism, Drink More Beer!" You know what she said. She said: "Go soak your coconut."

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"Wyua retired six months ago but still runs for the bus to keep in condition."